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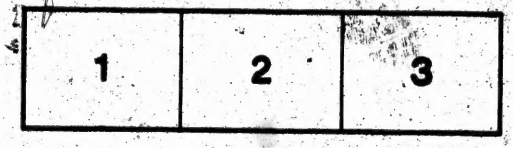

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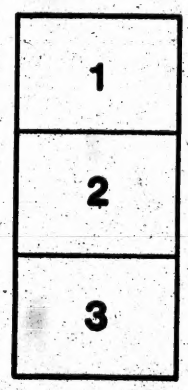

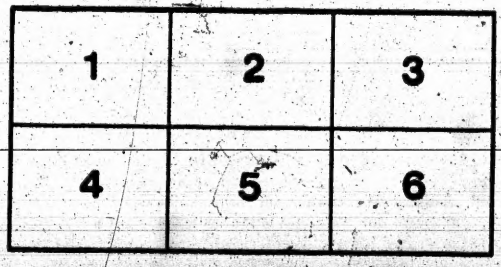

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

CROQUET,

A MACAULAY FLOWER,

(Which can't be beat.)

CABBAGED

BY

C+.

LONDON, CANADA WEST, 1863.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

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DR
819.12
G6775
Mar 3, 1971

Væ Victis!
The Leslies lick'd us!

I.

The bold Dalzell of Dalzell,
By the Nine Balls he swore,
That the great House of Eldon
Should suffer wrong no more;—
By the Nine Balls he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his Messengers ride forth,
East and West and South and North,
To summon his array!

II.

East and West and South and North
The Messengers ride fast,
And Tecumseh and the Post Office
Have heard the trumpet's blast!
Shame on the false Croquetter
Who hurries not his cattle,
When bold Dalzell of Dalzell
Has summoned him to battle.

III.

And now hath each gay leader
Counted up his tale of "bricks,"
The ladies number only three,
The men are still but six.—
Before the gates of Eldon
Is met the great array,
A proud man is the bold Dalzell
Upon that trysting day!

IV.

But by the silver flowing Thames
Is tumult and affright.
For rough the lawn and lumpy
Was, on this great day of fight.
In a space around the Cherry tree,
Their throats they cleared and gargled;
A fearful thing it was to hear,
The way they argled, bargled!

V.

Now, from the small room's window,
Could the dear Mother spy
The lines of combat all drawn out,
Whereof the least was I;—
The Mother wise of Eldon,
She sat there still and smiled,
And tea and cakes distributed,
And thus the time beguiled.

VI.

To Eastward and to Westward,
Have spread the Croquet band,
Nor Cherry tree nor Linden,
Could their stern will withstand;—
Stout Leslie of Tecumseh,
Cool, wary and defiant,
The Leader was against Dalzell—
In Peace no man so gentle—yet in Fight a
very giant.

VII.

I wis, in all that meeting,
There was no heart so bold,—
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When the two sides were told!
Forthwith up-rose the Dalzells,
Up-rose the Leslies all;
In haste they seized their mallets,
In haste each seized his ball.

VIII.

They held a council standing
Under the Cherry tree,—
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
Before the Victory!
Out-spake the Dalzell roundly,—
"Then I'll begin the game,
"For if the first cross arch is lost,
"To our side would be shame."

IX.

Then second played that Matron,
She of the "easy carriage,"
Whose iron wrists and iron will,
Led Leslie into marriage;—
Then thirdly played our Sister,
Who from Pyrennean Hill,
Had come, as we had wished her,
With joy our hearts to fill.

X.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear,
"Come on, come on, stout Leslie,
"You're wanted badly here."
On the low arch to Westward,
The Leslie fixed his eye,
And saw his ball in safety,
Roll fast along the sky.

XI.

And nearer, fast and nearer,
Did he to Dalzell come,
And louder still, and still more loud,
Like to the roar of thunder cloud,
Is heard the shouting of the crowd,
The trampling and the hum;
And plainly, and more plainly,
Are seen the arch to pierce,
Those Chieftains two—
One bloody red—the other blue,
Thus met in combat fierce.

XII.

But when the ball of Leslie,
Fell full among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament,
From all the game uprose.
On Dalzell's side, no player
But looked toward it and hiss'd,
And Baby shouted loudly,
And shook his little fist.

XIII.

But the Leslie's brow was anxious,
And the Leslie's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at his ball,
And darkly at the foe,—
"Their van will soon be past us,
"Before our side gets hame,
"And if they quick do strike the stick,
"What hope to save the Game?"

XIV.

Then spake stout Leslie's better-half—
Who never looked more sweet—
"To every one who plays this game,
"Is Victory or Defeat!
"Pray Croquet him George dear!
"With all the speed ye may—
"I—with one to help me—
"Will hold the foe at bay;
"In this straight path a thousand
"Could well be stopped by two,
"Now, who will stand at my right hand
"And win the game for Blue?"

XV.

Then outspake Georgius Harris—
A Horseman bold was he!—
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,
"And keep the goal with thee;
"For ne'er yet, in lady's quarrel,
"Spared I either land or gold;
"Not having wife, I reck not life,
"As in the brave days of old!

XVI.

"Then were all for ball or party,
"All wish'd to live in state:
"Then the Elder snubb'd the Younger,
"And the Younger mourn'd their fate;
"Then dress was fairly portion'd,
"Nor for Jew's teapots sold;
"And a penny bun cost a penny
"In the brave days of old."

XVII.

Now, while these Two were bracing
Their souls unto the fight—
The Leslie far had croque'd
Red Dalzell to the right;
And Leslies mix'd with Dalzells,
Seiz'd courage and their mallets,
And vow'd e'er night
To win the fight
Or sleep not on their pallets.

XVIII.

The Two—stood calm and silent,
And look'd upon their foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the Dalzells rose;
For, forth two Balls came spinning,
A Yellow and a Green—
Dalzell had croque'd Leslie,
Who far from Game did thus lay,
As plainly might be seen.

XIX.

Then Galloway croque'd Boyoh
Up to the Tree of Pears,
And Edward's Ball, with wounded side,
Went to Plummer for repairs;
Then Griffin miss'd a croquet,
[illegible] the shouts arose
[illegible] Deary me! how stupid!"
From all the "dear man's" foes.

XX.

But, hark! the cry is, Dalzell!
And, lo! the ranks divide,
And the Crimean warrior's Ball
Comes bounding a-long-side;
The cloud upon his visage
To a smile is seen to yield,
And in his hand, he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XXI.

He smiled upon the dauntless Two—
A smile serene and wise,
Like a *long* tail'd Bull in Summer
When teazed by the flies;
Quoth he: "Georgius and fair Leslie,
"Stand steadily at bay;
"But, Sarah, you can follow,
"If I can clear the way!"

XXII.

Then whirling up his Mallet,
With both hands to the height,
He aim'd at Georgius Harris,
And smote with all his might;
He croque'd him full fairly,
And drove him many a pace—
I would you had been there to see
How the Dalzells, joyfully,
Thought they'd won the race.

XXIII.

Alone, then, stood fair Leslie—
But constant still you'll find,
With ever so many foes before,
And only the stick behind!
At this sight, the Leslies rallied,
And e'er their foes could gain,
Had croque'd right, had croque'd left —
Had bold Dalzell of hope bereft,
And diddled him out of the Game.

XXIV.

Round turn'd he, as not deigning
Those victorious Balls to see;
Nought spake he unto Archer,
To Boyoh nought spake he,
But he saw up by the Arbor
That the Game was nearly well done;
And he spake to the noble River
That rolls by the House of Eldon.

XXV.

"Oh Tempus! Father Thames!
"By whom the Cockney's pray,
"O'er yonder ridge, I'll build a bridge,
"If I win the game this day."
So he spake—and speaking, raised
His mallet, and with a thump—
Which shewed his skill aud daring—
Croque'd three Balls to the Pump.

XXVI.

No sound of joy or sorrow,
Was heard from either side,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood in anger and in pride;—
But when stout Leslie hit him,
And sent him down the slopes,
Both sides sent up an awful yell,
And half the noise was from Dalzell,
Who now was void of hopes.

XXVII.

And then with shouts and clapping,
And rattling mallets loud,
Fair Leslie hit the winning stick,
Amidst the joyous crowd;
And they gave her a leather medal,
And pinned it on her breast,
And there it can be seen this day,
When she's got on her best.

XXVIII.

And still her name is cherished,
By all the men of Eldon;
And without her, Croquet's bother'd,
And all the game is undone,
And they say to one another,
That a player so soft and bold,
Was never seen, upon the green,
In the brave days of old.

XXIX.

And in the days of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
When none could think of playing
Croquet out in the snow—
When young and old, in circle
Round the Library fire close,
When the boys are reading the papers,
And the girls are warming their toes.

XXX.

When Grandma is mending a stocking,
And George is reading Punch;
When Ned is quietly rocking,
And G. comes into lunch;
With joking and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
How the fair Leslie won the game
In the brave days of old.